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GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

In our last, we gave some account of the old palace of Placentia, out of which sprung the present magnificent building, concerning which anything we can say must be almost a work of supererogation. In no country in the world do so many noble institutions exist as in England; and it is a fact of which we can scarcely be too proud. The present is one of the noblest. Our navy is our right arm. It is on the value of our sailors, and the efficiency of our fleets, that our proud position as a nation is most sure; and when we reflect how many in the gallant service must be constantly disabled, that an asylum is behind them must give great zeal to the efforts of our seamen.

Greenwich Hospital was founded in 1694, by William and Mary. It is elevated on a terrace, about 865 feet in length towards the river; and consists of four distinct piles of building, distinguished by the names of King Charles's, Queen Anne's, King William's, and Queen Mary's; the interval between the two most northern buildings, viz. King Charles's and Queen

Anne's, forms the grand square, which is about 273 feet wide. In one of these piles is a chapel, which, for neatness, elegance, and real beauty, is not surpassed by any building in the kingdom. The painted hall, governor's hall, and the several offices, &c. &c., are entitled to similar praise.

On a fine day, the old pensioners may be seen standing about in groups, or taking a solitary walk in the courts of the Hospital, or intent upon some book of devotion, or of inspiring adventures. The appearance of these veterans—some without a leg or arm, others hobbling from the infirmities of wounds or of years, and all clothed in old-fashioned blue coats and breeches with cocked hats—would oddly contrast with the splendour of the building which they inhabit, did not the recollection that these men were amongst the noblest defenders of their country, give a dignity to the objects which everywhere present themselves, and make the crutch of the veteran not a discordant association with the grandeur of the fabric in which he finds his final port, after the storms of a life of enterprise and danger.

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THE RED HAND.

A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

CHAPTER IX.—THREE STROKES OF A GONG.

"Watch, madam, the effect of what I shall do," said the quadroone, "and mark how crime shall be baulked!"

"I watch," replied the heiress, posting herself at the door of the room.

ONE!

The gong gave forth a deep roar, the echoes of which were heard rumbling through the whole of the building, first in one corner, and then in another. Its sound was sharp and thrilling, and the effect upon those within the large chamber was curious.

Leone started, and looked anxiously around; then, clutching his dagger, turned to hasten towards the apartment occupied by the two women. A hand was, however, laid upon his arm; it was that of the Spanish governor.

"Bah! do not mind that noise; my guards are without. If it summons to the rescue it is too late."

Leone reseated himself, and the whispered conference was resumed.

Meanwhile Luke Salem and the whole of those men who had nodded to him on entering had each one risen, and by a simultaneous impulse, it seemed, invited his nearest fair neighbour to dance; next minute the grand apartment of the Pic-a-Pic was almost deserted. The point of attraction was the dancing chamber; in another minute, however, the women all returned—the men had unaccountably disappeared.

"Watch, lady," said the excited quadroone, standing by the gong, "we want to gain but ten minutes of time to be saved. What is happening now?"

"All the men have left the tavern save Leone and the governor," replied the Visconti.

"Good," said the quadroone.

"Santa Maria!" whispered Reilly, turning to Pedro, "there was meaning in that sound. Where opens the rear of this ill-omened house?"

"On the river, your excellency."

"Is that dog Salem gone?"

"Yes, your excellency."

"No, your excellency," exclaimed the spy at the very same time; "I reckon that canine quadruped is here."

"Well, and what account are you going to give of yourself?"

"I was a gwine to say, your excellency, that here I conclude to be, after my captivity in the hands of the Bloody Fist."

"But, sirrah, what of the mission I sent you on? Did you find St. Mary's Tower?"

"Well, I conclude I did; it arn't left its old locality."

"Luke Salem," said the governor, sternly, "answer me properly and distinctly. Did you find trace of any conspiracy?"

"A rigger conspiracy, your excellency. I found it all out."

"You did, and the head was the Monk."

"The Monk?" said Luke, innocently,

"I conclude I saw no Monk. What they met to speechify about was more suitable to the leader I saw."

"And he was—"

"The Seigneur Leone de Chazal."

"Rascal!" said the accused.

"And the object?" continued the governor, sternly.

"The object did'n't exactly convene to my notions of the fitness of things," said the spy, demurely; "it was to steal all the pretty gals in New Orleans, and—"

"Brave spy! good Luke!" said the quadroone; "you have done excellent service."

Two!

This time the gong resounded still louder than before, its voice ringing in the ears long after the real sound had ceased.

"Again!" said the governor, rising, in which act he was followed by Don Pedro and Leone, "there is meaning in *this*."

"There is in both," said Leone; "let us beware the third."

"Highness," exclaimed a soldier, advancing, "there is a strange tumult in the street. The people congregate in masses; they say naught, but they mutter threats, they show arms, and their rallying cry is the Monk."

"Say you so—why did I let the traitor escape."

"Lor!" said Luke Salem, "that are's all nonsense, and them chaps is saucy, that's all I can say. The Monk has no more to do with it nor you, but they love him, and its natural they should talk of him."

"Still, my lord, the people collect," said another soldier; "they have barred every passage, and clearly overpower us in numbers."

"This becomes serious," said the governor, knitting his brow; "ground your pikes, my lads, and keep your muskets ready. At the first act of violence fire, and disperse this mob."

"My lord," exclaimed Leone, "if the Monk be their watch cry, better not, for be assured they are well armed and prepared for the contest. Your troops will be massacred and overcome."

"Bah," said the Spaniard, confidently, "a mob, a gang of unruly Frenchmen, who, at the first sound of fire-arms, will disperse in every direction."

Leone flinched. The insult to his country was not the less felt that he could not resent it.

"We shall see, my lord," he said, sarcastically.

"Your highness," repeated another soldier, "some order has been given from behind, and the people have dispersed in every direction."

"They have done wisely," said the governor. "I should have been sorry to have used force."

Again the gong sounded.

"Three!" said Maria Sa.

Marietta Visconti held her breath, and stood in anxious expectation of the result, while Maria Sa, as if aware that all that could be done had been done, sank in exhaustion upon a stool. Leone de Chazal, who began for the first time to comprehend that the striking of the gongs had some probable connexion with the evasion of his victims, spoke to the governor, while still the sound of the third blow was ringing in their ears: "Methinks those gongs denote some preconcerted signal, which it were well to unravel. Let us join the ladies."

"Madre de Dios!" cried the governor, "there is some mystery in this affair; I should not be surprised if that cursed Monk were at the bottom of it."

"Monk me no monks," said Leone, impatiently; "I am weary of such senseless quackery."

With these words he turned towards the chamber occupied by the women, followed by the governor and his companion. Though it contained no other visible outlet but one, and no one had crossed that, the room was empty, and there hung the mysterious gong which had acted with such efficacious power.

"To arms! to arms!" shouted at the same instant the soldiery without, as, cleaving the crowd with his axe, followed by a hundred armed and painted Indians, the terrific Red Hand burst like a thunder cloud upon the unconscious Spaniards. Ere they could offer any active resistance, the soldiers of the guard were repulsed by the wild Chichachas, who remained sole masters of the café Pic-a-Pic.

The feelings of the governor and of his two friends were most acute. They saw before them no fate but that of instant death, and death under circumstances of the most terrible nature. They looked to the habitués of the café for support, but the whole party had retreated to the dancing room, where they remained totally inactive spectators. Even Luke Salem, despite that his terrors of the Red Hand were not so great as heretofore, still exhibited a decided preference for the propinquity of men verging more towards his own colour than for the neighbourhood of the Red Skin.

"What means this outrage and this violence?" cried the governor, his Iberian va-

lour reviving; "what seek the rebellious knaves?"

"The red men are thirsty, they come to the pale faces for drink," said the gallant youth whose name graces our title; "this house has a door; it is like the wigwam, always open."

Suiting the action to the word, the Chichachas warrior seated himself, after casting a rapid and inquiring glance around the room.

"What means this forbearance?" muttered Reilly, in a whisper to Leone.

"We shall see; follow me;" and brushing past the crowd of Indians, who stood silent, but with fierce and threatening countenances, the three men made for the door.

On the very threshold stood the Monk.

The trio paused; there was a moment of guilty hesitation about their manner, but the priest gave them no time for thought.

"Your excellency of Spain," he said, sternly, "they seek you in the viceregal palace. It is a matter of general inquiry why you prefer the disgraceful Pic-a-Pic to your own mansion. Go, and beware the eve of St. Michael!"

The governor, burning with indignation, hurried by, and sought the open air, there to cool his heated brow. The two would have followed, but the Monk blocked their passage.

Leone de Chazal, vengeance has been long in store for thy crimes. Repent, or beware thou too the eve of St. Michael!"

Pale and cast down by emotions of speechless horror, the guilty man passed by.

"Thou, Don Pedro, art also guilty, but thou art the tool of another. Beware thou too, but of *Palabras milagrosas*!"

Had the fiend himself in bodily substance and shape stood before the eyes of Don Pedro, it is probable that he would have gazed with less intensity of horror than at the sound of these two words, which he had not heard pronounced before for seventeen long years, and yet which he had never for one moment lost sight of. Fixed in his mind, unalterable in their position as fate itself, they had yet not passed his lips in conjunction during the whole of that period. If then he stood with gaping mouth, with blanched lips, with eyes which started almost from their sockets, gazing in mute terror at the Monk, it will not wholly surprise our readers. They have yet to learn how two simple words, almost without meaning, could thus affect a man; but when the mystery is explained, that Don Pedro could suppose the Monk human was beyond belief. These words, used in a threatening sense towards him, could have but one sense. And yet they had never passed the lips of any but himself, and that

seventeen years before, to one man, whose locality was ten thousand miles from that spot, and whom he supposed dead years, years ago. It was inexplicable.

"Monk! priest! devil! what is the meaning of this?" said he, turning in the direction in which that mysterious individual had vanished. His gaze met only the rigid outlines of a knot of American Indian warriors, behind whom the omnipotent and all knowing Monk had disappeared.

Don Pedro gave a deep sigh.

"*Pilabras milagrosas!*" he muttered; "what can be the meaning of this? It might have one. Oh, how joyous, how sweet! Are seventeen years of torture and of anguish," he exclaimed aloud, "to be wiped out, and peace once more regain my bosom?"

"Turn not your head, move not," said a voice near him, "but listen. Be cautious, join the governor in no more foul schemes, befriend the people, and who knows what may happen?"

"Whoever thou art," exclaimed Don Pedro, who had been leaning his back against the half-open door of the café Pic-a-Pic, "give me one word of hope."

There was no reply, and the Spaniard, silent and thoughtful, sought the open air.

END OF BOOK I.

A FAIR DAY IN BRITTANY.

During a very agreeable residence of some months near Caen, in Normandy, we often speculated upon the wisdom and feasibility of a pedestrian tour through a part, at least, of Brittany; which part of France, though so remarkable both in its conformation and associations, has been about the least visited of its ancient divisions. *La vieille Armorique* is certainly a curious, and, indeed, extraordinary country. Far behind the rest of the land in its civilisation, and also in scepticism and want of faith, it has many characteristics to render it worthy of minute investigation. Its highlands and lowlands, too, are widely different, as are its commercial towns, and its merely agricultural communes; in all, one sees the dark, sunburnt complexion, coal-black piercing eyes, oval faces, high cheek-bones, and in most parts the coat of calfskin or sheepskin, with the hair outside, reaching to the knee, with a short cape on the shoulders, is the dress of the *paysans*. There are, however, many singular and distinctive peculiarities between the various portions of the country. The great towns are French, modern French, priggish and new; the villages and agricultural districts are Breton, amongst whom social improvements

are slow, though we doubt an assertion of certain tourists, that paganism has been the religion of families within a hundred years. The costume of the department of Morbihan is striking and novel. Scanty square jackets of white or brown cloth, over which their long black hair, hanging down to the waist, shows to much advantage, the button-holes, edges, and pocket-facings all of crimson, and even, on occasion, the date of the making of the coat embroidered on one side, with a figure of the chalice and holy wafer on the other, loose *bragon bras*, or breeches, terminating at the knee, and tied closely, leggings and *sabots*, or wooden shoes—such is the appearance presented by the men. The women are more various in their taste, though a tight boddice of cloth, fitting close to their busts, of some bright colour, with close sleeves of another tint, both edged and ornamented with a third hue, be the prevailing dress. A hood, or cap, violet coloured or green, is worn upon the head. The *coiffe*, however, or head-dress of the women, differs in almost every commune; the dames clinging with pertinacity to the hereditary taste of their ancestors in each locality. To an unaccustomed eye, indeed, the difference is scarcely perceptible; but still in each village, town, or district, the variety does exist. One remarkable article of furniture found in the dwelling-house of every respectable Breton peasant is the "*lit clos*," or box bedstead, which demands a passing remark. In one corner of the room occupied by the family will be seen by the stranger a vast black oaken piece of carved upholstery, in shape like a huge chest of drawers. On one side, however, is an aperture, through which you catch a glimpse of mattress upon mattress, reaching to a height quite extraordinary to our sophisticated ideas. A slide can be drawn across even this—the only opening—and little cold need be feared by its occupants.

The owners of these luxuries are the lowlanders; in the hovels of unhewn, unmortared stone, in the mud huts of the hills, such things are not. Indeed nothing can be more marked than the difference which exists. The one is a compound of rich and fertile valleys, or the lower slopes of the hills, while the other is a wild, barren, ill-cultivated range of table-land, with here and there a stunted tree, or patch of heather. The former is well peopled and under comparatively careful cultivation, the agriculturist sometimes even rich—all comfortable. The latter is thinly inhabited, the peasants wretchedly poor, ill-fed, and miserable, though generally ruddy and healthy-looking in the face—so much for good pure mountain air. No goodly and tempting array of bacon-sides here meets

the eye, no excellent cider, but the coarse black bread of the sarazin; no huge heap of butter, no lump of cheese, but a poor *galette*, a pancake of sarazin meal. No *lit clos*, but a pallet, on which the whole family huddles at night. The difference in the appearance in the population is so marked as to suggest at the first glance the idea of a separate race; the men being in the hills little and puny, the females without any of the outward charms of their sex; while the Bretons in general are of a goodly stature, well made, the women, though brown from exposure, being pretty and of tolerable figures. But, without seeking a cause so remote as that of their being another people, we may safely, we imagine, assign the hard lot of the former as the principal cause of their physical degeneration. The stunted Bushmen of the Cape of Good Hope are doubtless no race of pigmies, but men arrested in their growth by starvation and a rude savage life. Even the animals of Brittany vary according to the locality, being in the hills small and dwarfish, if we except the pigs, which, though always ugly in France, are here more so than usual, being a hideous breed of long-legged beasts, resembling starved wild boars in their appearance.

These facts, combined with our propinquity to the scene, determined us some time back upon a tour in the region, which fully repaid the time, toil, and physical exertion which it cost us. A strange people, the most perfectly-preserved specimen of the Celtic race, scenery wild, pretty, and charming, ancient strongholds, picturesque ruins scattered over the whole face of the country, historical recollections without end—all these were so many links to bind us to the province, of which we have retained few recollections which are not of an agreeable nature. The materials collected by us would form a ponderous volume; but we shall at present content ourselves with giving a brief account of a Brittany fair day, such as we saw in 183—, at Collinée, a *chef lieu du canton*, which lays claim to having one of the principal cattle-fairs in those parts. Being aware of the date of this grand occurrence—which takes place in the early days of May—we contrived to reach the spot at the proper time, and though we had honoured many a similar exhibition in other parts of France with our presence, were never more amused and enlightened upon many points than upon the present auspicious occasion. The strange, uncouth, yet picturesque costumes and figures of the men, their sombre gravity, so unlike the mercurial *Français*—the women, young and old, pretty and otherwise, but none fair—the ugly, stunted highland cattle—arched, sharp back-boned

pigs, with red hungry eyes and hollow sides—the more slightly lowland breeds—were all peculiar, novel, and interesting. Several species of theatres, in which were represented those remnants of ancient mummeries, mysteries, and moralities, so graphically described by Victor Hugo, which yet take the fancy of a simple, believing, but bigotted people, were the great attraction of the day. The "Nativity," the "Resurrection," and other scriptural subjects, were of course the groundwork. Many, various, and grand were the booths and shows—the itinerant doctors, the dancing-rooms, carts with each their barrel of cider, from the tap of which the sharp acid liquid was ever running, while brandy, coffee, and beer, were being dispensed in more aristocratic regions—i. e., beneath cover. Eating and drinking, buying and selling, were, of course, the principal events of the day. An old woman, with a primitive *blaque*, or oven, in the open air, sold fried *saucissons*, slices of pork or ham, and other rare tit-bits, and found abundance of customers; a travelling dentist bawled himself hoarse, vociferating in favour of the extraction of teeth as the only sure cure for the tooth-ache, which operation he offered to perform for the small sum of one halfpenny, or rather *sou*. To those who had feared this violent remedy, he recommended warmly his *Crescote Pignard*. Pedlars without number tempted the young and brown beauties with their stores of lace, ribbons, and haberdashery, necklaces, holy crosses, and beads. A printseller, well aware of the devout character of the people amid whom he now was, exhibited a vast variety of pictures, in gay flaunting and gaudy colours, of saints, virgins, holy families, and other catholic subjects. A red Balaam on a yellow ass, with a blue cloud, attracted much attention; but the prints devoted to local legends were most sought after. For the more worldly-minded, the dispenser of the fruits of Gallic art, pious and profane, had Napoleons, Louis Philippes, and young Henris, to suit all tastes. Of the former, his supply was immense and varied. The eternal cocked hat and *redingote* were seen at Elbe, at Fontainebleau, at St. Helena, at Waterloo, in Russia, in peace, in war, on earth, in heaven, in every attitude, position, or locality which a fertile imagination could suggest. And then the wild-beast shows—live crocodiles, sea-serpents, learned pigs, remnants of antediluvian elephants and mammoths, were scattered over the ground, each finding its knot of lookers-on and supporters.

One feature of the scene, however, which, though not new to us, and though often alluded to by tourists in other parts of

France, struck our attention more than other of the many singularities around. This was the occupation of the hair-merchants. We have alluded to the black hair of the Bretons, which, both in man and woman, is often of great beauty. Accordingly, it is made an article of traffic, both sexes continually cherishing it with the avowed object of disposing of the crop to the hair merchants at the annual fair. These gentry stood in the centre of the place, scissors in hand; by their side a basket to receive the flowing locks of both male and female vendors. As soon as a bargain was struck, say with a pretty young Breton lass, the close cap, or hood, was removed, the long tresses were submitted to the hands of the purchaser, and in a few minutes the captivating *brunette* stood shorn of her dark locks, the very personification of a parish apprentice girl. From twelve to five-and-twenty *sous* was the price paid for the article, according to its length, beauty, and the bargaining powers of its possessor. Lest, however, our fair readers form a wrong estimate of the character of these dames, from the voluntary surrender of the most elegant of female native ornaments at the shrine of gold, or rather copper, be it recollected that the close cap worn by the girls and women of the province entirely conceals the hair, which is, therefore, rather a burden than a cherished object with the Bretonese. Still we thought it wondrous unfeminine to behold knots of young women standing round the dealer in human hair, their long tresses combed ready for the clipping, which process was meantime going on upon some one of the party.

Towards evening even the native Breton phlegm and severity of manner gave way beneath the combined influence of eating and drinking, cider and sausages, bottled beer and ham, brandy, *café noir*, &c. The sound of voices became louder and more confused, quarrels were got up, the women said hard things one to the other, and looked at their caps, but no blows were struck. The purchasers of cattle wended their way home, driving refractory cows, oxen, and pigs before them; the vendors proceeded to spend a portion of the produce of the sales in the drinking-houses; one old lady, who had vainly striven to gain her price for a pig, sent it squeaking before her; and we, tired and hungry, with difficulty obtained a supper and a night's lodging, so crowded and busy was everything in the shape of an inn. Sleep came late, for both in and around the house the loud hum of voices was heard until past midnight, when the *chef lieu du canton* subsided into its usual peaceful state of repose, and Collinée was itself again.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

The following is an extract from a letter from the Rev. T. Coan, dated Hilo (Sandwich Islands) May 16, 1843:—"You have heard of the great volcanic eruption near our station in 1840. Another scene of a similar kind has recently taken place about the same distance from us, but in a different direction, and directly in the rear of our station. On the 10th of January of the present year, just at the dawn of day, we discovered a rapid disgorge of liquid fire from near the summit of Manna Loa, at the elevation of 14,000 feet above the sea. This eruption increased from day to day for several weeks, pouring out vast floods of fiery lava, which spread down the side of the mountain, and flowed off in broad and burning rivers, throwing a terrific glare upon the heavens, and filling those lofty mountainous regions with a sheen of light. This spectacle continued from week to week, without any abatement, till the molten flood had progressed twenty or thirty miles down the side of the mountain, and across a high plain which stretches between the bases of Manna Loa and Manna Kea. It was not till after many weeks that I was able to visit this scene of terror and of sublimity. At length, in company with Mr. Paris, the missionary for Kan, a station south of Hilo, I made the attempt. We penetrated through a deep forest, stretching between Hilo and the mountain, and reached the molten stream as it flowed over those vast and high regions lying at the base of the mountain. Here we were able to approach the fiery stream, and dip up and cool its burning fluid, as we would approach the banks of a river, and take of its waters. From this we followed the stream to the top of the mountain, and found its source in a vast crater, amidst the eternal snows of those wild and desolated regions. Down the sides of the mountain the lava had now ceased to flow upon the surface; but it had formed for itself a subterranean duct, at the depth of fifty or one hundred feet. This duct was encased with vitrification, as smooth as glass, and down this fearful channel a river of fire was rushing at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, from the summit to the foot of the mountain. This subterranean stream we saw distinctly through several large apertures in the side of the mountain, while the burning flood rushed fearfully beneath her feet. Our standing above it was like standing upon ice on a river, while the liquid flood flows under your feet."

Censure is the tax which is paid at the toll-gate on the high-road to eminence.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE WOOD,

OR,

THE TALE OF A COMICAL STICK.

BY T. H. REALY,

[This delightful poem, worth oceans of common modern rhyming, which we shall give entire, is by the author of "The Porcelain Tower, or Seven Stories of China," tales which we never think of without laughing.]

Know ye the river on whose brim
Ancient Bristow holds his state?
Down to the channel it pours a flood
Of one part water and two parts mud;
And yet through such beautiful banks it speeds,
Shaded with willies and fringed with reeds,
Now through valleys and now through meads,
And now through rocks in wildest trim;

That our eyes we seldom sate
With a more enchanting sight
Than the river of which I write:
And those who once have seen the Avon,
Will carry it long in their minds engraven.
But the loveliest part by far

Lies between St. Vincent's rocks;
Where the heaven-ascending blocks
Overgreened with forests are,
And yield chink-holes to the chough,
That the treasury of its eggs
May be laid secure enough.

Past the reach of school-boys' legs:
And o'er the tops of these high cliffs
'Tis with venturous art intended
A suspension bridge to throw;
Which not only sloops and skiffs,
But tall ships with masts extended,
May with safety pass below.
This bolder work than ever men did,
Graved on wood, you perhaps have seen,
With full and true account appended,
In the "Saturday Magazine."

A few days since when the sun was merry
And made his beams on the waters quiver,
I crossed the river at Rownham Ferry—
The ancient way to cross the river—
(And even more to my taste I own
Than reverend bridge of wood or stone;
Much more than one of chain or iron
By blacksmiths worked with hammer and fire on;)
I crossed the river and took my way
Beneath the forest rocks,
Wandering all the early day

In the shadowy woods of Leigh,
Climbing over stones and stocks,
And listening to the buzz of bee,
Among the ashes, oaks and yews,
Which embowered the loveliest views
Of the rocks o' the other side,
And the distant Severn wide
Starred with vessels all a-cruise.

After awhile I shrunk from these,
And hid myself in the wood's recesses,
Where the briars and rocks and trees
Made out little lonelinesses,
Within whose shadows all things grew
Into a tinge of emerald hue:
I startled there the nestling jay
With its jet and turquoise wings;
And from many a wood-nut spray,
Brushed the little flies away;
And sometimes stopped and listened to know
What those notes of the birds might be
That I heard around in a mingled flow,
Low and low, hurried and slow,
Notes of gladness, notes of woe,
Music simple and music rich.
That carried my joy to the highest pitch,
And now excite desire and itch
To make you feel that same sweet peal
That made me tremble from head to heel,
And my heart grow bright with beams of delight,
Banishing sorrow and banishing spite.

At last I came to an inmost nook
To find which, long you in vain may look;
With a yew to the north and a rock to the south,
With brushwood behind and with ferns at the mouth:

A huge old oak from the rock stretched over,
And shut me in with its broad green cover.
There I sat down on a turfied stone:

It was a place to entice a rover:
Thither a poet might wander alone;
Thither a lady-love, led by her lover,
In the inmost corner of this sweet nook

I sat me down on a turfied stone;
For I thought I a little would rest and look
Into the leaves of a magical book,
Which into those dim recesses I took,
Whenever I wandered alone;
Because it gave me a Merlin's power
To scoop out cave and build-up tower,
And make sweet fountains spring out of the ground,
And warriors tilt, and conrers bound,
And dwarfs obey, and ladies gay
Step forth from the bushes beside the way,
Where nothing before but tree and flower,
Grass and fern and earth and rock,
Here a stone and there a stick,
Made up my sheltering bower.

So among old trees that had stood for ages
I sat in musing mood;
And turned our gentle Spencer's pages,
Reading more than I've time to rehearse,
In several parts of his magical verse,
Until my fancy choose its food
From "Error's den," "the wandering wood,"
And stopped to chew its cud at ease
In my green den of antique trees.

I fixed mine eyes against the rock
Whence a few slow drops were stilling,
Just enough to make it wet
With a cold and clammy sweat,
Oozing through the tangled grass
Where it fringed the stony mass,
Which appeared the while unwilling
To permit the dews to pass.

'Gainst the rock a broken bough
Of the o'erhanging oak was leaning,
Such as falls from ancient trees
Eaten through by long disease,
Shred by shred and inch by inch
'Till it yields to each slight pinch;
And reveals—beneath the screening
Of a grey and crumbling crust,
Which a little moss is green—
Nothing but decay and dust.

'Twas a little knotted branch,
Noded, knobbed, knurr'd and knagged,
Gnarled, knarred, knuckled, knarled,
Rough and ragged, rude and ragged,
Crinkled, crook'd, contorted, curled,
Twisted, turned, twined, twirled,
Scaly, scabrous, screw'd and scragged,
Crabbed, crusty, cloven, cragged;
In its time it had been staunch;

This old bough was forked below;
And you near the top might see
Two lean limbs all crooked across;
And the thickness served to show
That the upper end must be
Where it parted from the tree;
There it had a fringe of moss,
Like an eremite's beard to see.

'Twas so still in that recess
That the cool fresh air I drank,
Did not move the slightest tress
Of the grass upon the bank.
Not the birch's slenderest frond
Trembled in that charmed place,
And if there had been a pond
'Twould have had no wave beyond
Little ridges made by midges
As they skated o'er its face.

(To be continued.)

PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.)

CHAPTER VII.—THE CARREFOUR.

Let us return to the hostelry of Good Rest, where, after great labour, the banditti had succeeded in breaking open the door of the cellar. The band had precipitated themselves towards the spot whence the noise emanated, and by the light of torches a horrible spectacle was presented to them; it was the captain and his lieutenant, bloody and disfigured, and who, worn out by the struggle which had taken place, had both reeled on the ground without loosening their hold. Instantly that the light of the torches was reflected by the sombre and dark walls of the cellar, a cry of surprise arose, and the combatants paused.

"Is it you!" said the captain, furiously; "you, Caralo, who have raised your hand against me?"

"You, captain!" said the lieutenant; "you, who allowed yourself to strangle and assassinate me. For whom did you take me?"

"For one of our guests," said the captain, good-naturedly; "but it was your fault."

"It was yours."

"Why were you not in your own bed?"

"Truly," said the lieutenant, "it is singular."

"Why were you sleeping in the grand chamber?"

Caralo could recollect nothing, and, of course, could explain nothing.

"And the barber and his niece?" said the captain.

The whole body rushed to the Red Chamber. Empty! They searched the other room. Empty!

"What means this?" said the captain.

"I knew," said Carnego, gravely, "that accursed Moor was a heretic and a sorcerer."

"Nonsense," said the captain.

"Don't you recollect the face he made when he said, 'to-morrow we will settle.' He spoke truth; he has gone without paying."

"Gone! and how?"

"How can we tell; unless through the air on a broomstick."

Carnego believed what he said.

"It is he," he cried, "who has bewitched the house. It is he who made us fight one against the other. Heaven defend us," and Carnego crossed himself.

The captain was confounded. Recollecting the ironical tone of the barber, he began to believe him a witch.

"And Piquillo," he cried, suddenly recollecting himself: "it was he who took the Moor to the Red Chamber. Where is he?"

They hastened to the chamber of Piquillo. It was shut; they knocked, then burst open the door. Empty.

"What of that," said Carnego, "the witch has carried him off too."

After an hour spent in fruitless poking into every hole in the house, they began to think that Carnego was not far wrong, and prepared to return to their beds. At this instant a loud knocking was heard at the principal entrance of the inn, there being heard at the same time the neighing of horses, with the sound of many voices.

"What is this!" exclaimed Baptista.

People of his profession were so seldom troubled under Count Lerma, that it was little to be wondered at that the good captain was surprised.

"Some other piece of the Moor's witchcraft," said Carnego.

"Impossible," said the chief, and poking his head out of window, he cried, "Who goes there?"

"The queen's regiment."

"You are welcome, cavaliers. You travel betimes."

"Yes, and as we proceed we clear the highway of rogues, commencing with yourself, master landlord."

"I am known," said the captain, finding his incognito over. "Go below, Caralo; pack up our baggage, and be ready for a start by the little door. Let the rest do as they can."

He then endeavoured to gain time with the young officer.

"I think, good cavalier, you are mistaken. You will, I am sure, agree with me, after accepting my hospitality."

"It is too expensive," replied the young officer. "In the first place we have a few questions to put to you concerning the barber Gongarello, your guest of last night. Where is he?"

"You see," muttered Carnego, "always that accursed Moor."

"I think you are right," replied the captain. "I was not aware the worthy barber was a friend of yours," he added, in a taunting voice, aloud.

"Enough, open and surrender."

"Yes, open," added a brigadier, "for though our commander Fernando d'Albayda officer of the queen's regiment, is not in the habit of thief taking, yet if you insult death to every one."

"The house is surrounded," whispered the lieutenant, coming up; "we have no choice; we must surrender."

"No?" said the captain, wildly, and then he added, "ten thousand excuses Don Fernando d'Albayda, officer of the queen's

regiment, for keeping you waiting. You request an answer, you have it."

He fired with the word. The ball grazed the feather of the cavalier's hat, and wounded Fidalgo d'Estremos, his friend, in the shoulder. Fernando, irritated, pointing to the bandits, cried "Fire! and no quarter!"

A party immediately dismounted, and climbed over the wall of a small court. The assault commenced, and the inn of Good Rest, well defended, was attacked on every side.

Let us now explain how this assault occurred.

Piquillo and his fair companion had distinctly heard the sound of horses. They were on the skirt of a forest, in a carriage. They could have concealed themselves in the foliage, but they would not have, perhaps, found Gongarello again, and they could not abandon him. Juanita and Piquillo leaned one against the other, both trembling with fear, the former murmuring in a low tone, "Adieu, Pedralvi!" Fear, too, prevented them from observing that the troop was composed only of two cavaliers; but the morn bursting from behind a cloud, enabled them to distinguish them perfectly as they crossed the carriage. They had evidently journeyed far and fast, for they now walked their horses. One rode ahead, while the other, more aged, followed at a respectful distance. The first was evidently the master. It was a handsome young man, of melancholy but gracious aspect, wearing a costume somewhat at variance with that of the day. A Spanish sabre, suspended by a gold chain, hung by his side; his horse was a splendid Arabian, which he patted gently, as it champed the bit, and would have started off, saying, "No! no! Kaled, no, my good companion, let us rest. My father's house is yet a long way off."

"Fear nothing," said Juanita, in a low tone; "he is a Moor."

Piquillo instantly hastened forward, and threw himself on his knees before the horse, which reared on high.

"I understand," said the young man, speaking still in Arabic to his horse; "you like not a Spanish beggar." Then addressing Piquillo in pure Castilian, "it is very late to beg," he said, coldly. "If your companions be concealed in the wood, tell them that in the morning I have gold for those who ask it. At this hour I have but iron." Then placing his hand on his sword, "Go," he said, while his old servant, advancing, took aim at Piquillo with a blunderbuss.

"Friend! friend!" cried Juanita, "and child of the same god!"

At these words the young man leaped from his horse, which he gave to his servant, ran to Piquillo, still kneeling, held out

his hand to him, and cried, "I am here, brother; what seek you?" and he embraced him.

Juanita now related what had happened in a few words. The young man listened, attentively examining the countenance of Piquillo.

"Good, my lad," he said; "continue, and you will be an honest man."

Piquillo trembled with delight. It was the first time he had heard such words of praise, and he gazed gratefully on the young man.

"Ah!" he cried, "if I had always been spoken to thus. But when you are gone what will become of the unfortunate beggar?"

"You will be a beggar no longer. It is Spaniards who beg. But you," he said, writing some words on a tablet, "come and find me, and you shall learn how to be an honest man. And here, brother, take this purse, it will enable you to perform the journey."

Piquillo, much moved, kissed his hand.

"As for you, my child, I must get you and your uncle out of this forest. An important affair requires my presence. I will, however, take you to the first inhabited spot. Can the good Gongarello stand on his legs? Yes, I fancy he rouses himself and understands us. Hassan," said he, addressing his servant, "you will take care of him. Place him on your horse. I will answer for Akbar carrying both, so quietly even, that Aben Abou, our brother, may continue his sleep if he thinks proper."

"Thank heaven," said the barber, "it is over. I thought I should have died of sleep two hours ago, which was very lucky for else I should have died of fright. But now, in such good company, I fear nothing, and by Mahomet"—the barber quite enjoyed the proscribed oath—"by Mahomet, I shall be as well off on your horse as on the palfrey of the prophet, for I am sure he will not overthrow a countryman," he added in the Moorish language; and as the horse began to neigh, the barber was firmly convinced that he understood him.

"As for Juanita," said the young man, "she must allow me to mount her before me on my horse. I swear she has nothing to fear, and as she is so light, Kaled will not be aware of her presence. As for you," he said to Piquillo, "we cannot bear you away; but you can soon leave the wood. Remember, in eight days I shall expect you. Adieu, brother, adieu."

The young man then, loosening the reins of his horse, disappeared in an instant, followed by Hassan, with Aben Abou mounted behind him. The barber spoke not a word; but, whether from fear or gratitude we cannot say, pressed the arm of his companion very tightly.

Piquillo, who remained alone in the forest, still kept his eyes fixed on the spot where had disappeared the unknown, whose voice and words still wrung in his ears.

After an hour's march, Yezid, Juanita, and Gongarello reached, without accident, the village of Arnedo. Though it was still night, the young Moor, and his old servant Hassan whom cares, more dear, called elsewhere, continued their route, and the barber and his niece, left by them at the gate of a *posada*, knocked loudly, in order to make themselves heard. Gongarello, who no longer slept, awoke everybody; while the landlord and his people placed themselves at the window, and while the barber, before entering, was recounting his adventures, and the perils from which he had escaped, a sound of armed men and horses was heard in the street. It was a company of the queen's regiment on their road to Madrid, travelling by night to avoid the heat of the day. A very brief explanation induced Fernando d'Albayda to go to the attack of the inn of Good Rest. Their arrival there we have seen, with the commencement of the siege.

While the combat was taking place, the end of which we are yet ignorant of, Piquillo was giving himself up to thoughts of ecstasy and delight. His terrible waking from this state of mind must be found in the next chapter.

NEW ENGLAND SUPERSTITIONS.

By G. J. WHITTIER.

II.—WITCHCRAFT.

"Thus saith the Book, 'Permit no witch to live,'
Hence Massachusetts hath expelled the race,
Connecticut, where swap and dicker thrive,
Allows not to their feet a resting place;
With more of hardihood and less of grace,
Vermont receives the sisters grey and lean,
Allows each witch her broomstick-flight to trace
O'er mighty rocks and mountains dark with green,
Where tempests wake their voice and torrents war between."

So sang Brainard many years ago. The hospitality of the good people of Vermont is proverbial, and, for aught we know, it may have been extended even to those whom sea-board puritanism has felt bound to exercise and cast out by law and gospel. But that the evil brood is not entirely extirpated, even in the old Bay State, seems manifest enough.

It is an old and familiar proverb, that a certain malignant personage is always nearest at hand when spoken of; and in confirmation of this a scene of genuine *diablerie* has been enacted in the goodly and respectable town of Pepperell, in an adjoining

county. There, it seems, is a veritable witch, riding o' nights in this cold autumnal moonlight, on a spectral white horse, like that of Dana's Buccaneer, with

"Ghostly ride,

Pale streaming with a cold blue light,"

—a steed upon whose silent hoof shoe was never set, unless by the grim artisans of the infernal smithy. A poor girl, supposed to be one of her victims, recently died, and on the night of her death the witch was seen riding hurry-scurry around the house, not indeed by natural eye-sight, but through the magic spectacles of animal magnetism. A mesmerised girl was put on the track of an old woman long suspected of being little better than she should be. She found her body lying without any spirit in it—the merest husk and shell imaginable, and following in the track of the wandering soul, discovered its whereabouts. She is at present grievously afflicting another poor child; and, as is usual with such evil-disposed characters, has made sad work with the dairies of her neighbours, bewitching churns and preventing the butter from "coming"—a peculiarly diabolic feat, which Burns alludes to in his enumeration of the ill-doings of "Auld Cloutie":—

"Thence kintra wives w' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirk in vain,
For, ah, the yellow treasure's ta'en
By witching skill."

In this case, however, she has not altogether escaped with impunity, for the red hot tongs being suddenly applied to the refractory cream, a corresponding burn was found the next day on her own "shrunk shank." Upon this fact, and the evidence of the somnambulist, some of the good people are half disposed to hang her outright, as an undoubted witch.

The circumstance of the old woman's abandonment of her body during her nocturnal equestrian excursions, reminds us of the hypothesis of the erudite Dr. Jung Stilling, in his "Theorie der Gristerkunde." The doctor professes to believe that the soul, in a state of peculiar exaltation, may be disengaged from the body for a short space of time, without the supervention of death, and cites several remarkable instances in support of his belief.

During the past summer the Quiet Shakers of Canterbury, N. H., who profess, in the midst of a sneering generation, to have restored within their family limits the lost innocence and purity of Eden, have, I am told, like our first parents, been troubled with the subtle enemy. Not having forgotten his old tricks, he has once more stepped into Paradise. He has been only seen by two or three peculiarly sagacious members of the family; but they have had several thorough hunts for him,

the entire community joining with commendable alacrity in the search, and, at times, very nearly succeeding in capturing him. Once under the barn they supposed they had him fast, but he escaped the eye of some less vigilant brother or sister, and took refuge under the great stone watering-trough. His cunning saved him; and he still, as my informant states, goes about subjecting the worthy family to divers perplexities and troubles, and new hunts equal to any recorded in the olden annals of New-England.

In a letter which I have just received from a distinguished member of the legal profession in New-Hampshire, a very remarkable case is narrated. My friend's informant was Judge Gove, at that time attorney-general. A few years since, while attending court in Cheshire county, in his official capacity, a person came before the grand jury to enter a complaint for murder. As he had heard of no murder committed in that county, he looked at the complainant carefully, suspecting him to be insane. He was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, good-looking, intelligent, and well-dressed. Perceiving the surprise of the attorney-general, he said to him, "I do not wonder at your astonishment; examine these papers." They were certificates of good character and perfect sanity from a large number of the most respectable people in the town where he resided. He then proceeded to state his complaint as follows: In the winter previous he had been hired to work by a farmer. Soon after he went to live with him he heard strange noises in the cellar and rooms. At first he took little notice of them; but one night he distinctly heard a spinning-wheel in the cellar, and loud sounds in the entries. The doors flew open as often as they were latched. The farmer laughed, and remarked: "They keep up quite a rumpus to-night." The next night he heard groans as he went out to feed the cattle; soon after he saw a bright light in his bed-room, and an apparition, which said to him: "I will see you again; you are too much alarmed now." The next morning, while passing an old covered well, he heard a noise. He spoke, and a voice from the well answered: "I am the Irishman who was murdered by Mrs. F., and put here." The farmer's wife saw him looking and beckoned to him, to desist and escape; and looking up he saw the farmer pointing a gun at him through the window. He at first fled, but returning, promised to reveal nothing and continued to labour. Soon after, however, the farmer attempted to kill him with a sled-stake. On his return one night, the windows in the lower part of the house seemed brilliantly illuminated. He made

some remark about having company, when suddenly the lower windows became dark and the upper ones illuminated, and the whole house was a blaze of fire. Upon this the farmer swore: "This is that cursed Irishman's work!" He now left the house, and told the story to the neighbours, and then was informed that, some years before, an Irishman, in the employment of the farmer, suddenly disappeared, and was by many supposed to have been murdered. The young man made an oath that the facts above stated were in his belief true, but, of course, the intelligent attorney did not deem it a sufficient ground for prosecution.

III.—RELIGIOUS ECSTASY.

There is one phase of the supernatural which, perhaps, more than any other, is at the present day manifested among us, growing out of the enthusiasm which not unfrequently attends strong religious feeling and excitement. Thus the state of trance or ecstasy, the subject of which sometimes visits in imagination the abodes of blessed spirits, hears ravishing music, and gazes upon ineffable glory,—

"Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,
And does not dream it is a dream,"—

is not confined to the Methodist campground, but is sometimes among the phenomena of an awakened religious interest in other sects. The doctrine of the second coming of Messiah, which has been zealously preached in almost all sections of New-England a few years past, has had a powerful influence over the imaginative faculty in its recipients. One of my neighbours, a worthy and estimable man, believes that in June, 1838, he saw the "sign of the son of man in the heavens" at noon-day—a glorious human form, with the figure 5 directly beneath it, indicating that the great consummation was to be in five years, in 1843. I have alluded to this subject with somewhat of hesitation and delicacy, for I feel that it is extremely difficult to define the exact point where devotion ends and fanaticism begins. In the beautiful records which Lady Guion, John Woolman, Dr. Payson, and Mary Fletcher, have left us of their religious experience, we are compelled to make some allowance for over-wrought feeling and imagination. Bunyan, in his remarkable auto-biography, "Grace Abounding," tells us that he heard devils behind him, and that he kicked at and spurned them; Swedenborg squelched a whole legion of fiends on the street pavement; Sir Henry Vane, the glorious martyr in the cause of civil and religious freedom, believed himself specially called to bear rule in the millennium; Luther, with true Teutonic vigour, dashed his massive ink-stand in the face of

the Annoyer, grimly glaring on him through the stone wall of his cell, being "born," to use his own words, "to fight with devils;" Wesley was beset with invisible house-haunters; George Fox rebuked a witch in his meeting—but are we therefore to shut our eyes to the reality of the spiritual life in these men? For myself I cannot but treat with some degree of reverence and respect every manifestation of the religious principle, even where it seems to me the reverse of that quiet obedience to simple duty, that sober and reasonable service which our heavenly father requires at the hands of his children.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

This excellent institution, one of the best of its kind in the metropolis, possessing as it does the advantages of an admirable library and reading-rooms, supplied with all the journals and magazines, is about, after fourteen years of existence, to have a dinner. This dinner will take place on the 17th of June, Lord Brougham in the chair, at the Albion Tavern, and we have no doubt will serve admirably the object of its promoters—that of increasing the funds of the institution. Among the stewards, we believe, are Henry Hope, Esq.; the borough members; J. Hume, M.P.; Raikes Currie, M.P.; W. Ewart, M.P.; Messrs. B. B. Cabbell, J. S. Buckingham and Percy B. St. John; Sir Samuel Scott, bart.; Lord Montfort; Sir Peter Laurie; and others. It has always been a matter of surprise to us that when all the advantages of a circulating library, with lectures, concerts, and reading-rooms, are to be obtained for two guineas per annum, institutions of this kind do not meet with the most extensive success. No better means of diffusing literary tastes and feelings, with knowledge and varied information, was ever devised, and the day will come when we shall find them eagerly caught at by hundreds whom indolence and want of thought alone keep from supporting them now. The Marylebone Institution, in Edward-street, Portman-square, is so admirably conducted, its library contains so valuable a collection of books, its lectures are so diversified and useful as well as entertaining, while last, not least, the urbanity of its secretary, Mr. Bingley, is so marked, that we beg emphatically to encourage every neighbour of the institution to become a member. We have no doubt the advantages of it and similar places will be right well and eloquently dilated on at the dinner, and beneath its genial influence we hope many a new friend will be found for the Marylebone Literary Institution.

SONNETS FOR THE TIMES.—No. II.

By the Author of "Rural Sonnets," &c.

A plea for the *STRAYED*, that they become not *DESERTED*.

"And now he urges the disparity of our ranks."

Are you a man? if such you be, repair

Fully, at once, the wrong which you have done:

Drive not a gentle creature to despair;

Break not her heart, because that heart is won.

If she was fond—the fondness was for thee!

If beautiful—the bounty was thine own!

For sake her—and remorse thy lot shall be,—

Save her—and peace shall fill thy spirit's throne.

These are not times the people will look on,

While heartstrings rend beneath the hoofs of pride:

Be false—when pandar, parasite, are gone,

God's, and all good men's anger will abide,

And brand thee for a fickle, dastard thing,

Who in a virgin's breast hath left a viper's sting.

Be frank, and principled, and truly wise,—

For worldly views refuse not to be just:

The *cautious* *hearted* and the *coarse* *despise*—

And in thy better feelings put thy trust:

They will endure to comfort and sustain.

Henceforward as their promptings are obeyed;

And mostly then, when earthly joys are vain,

In sickness or in death to bring you aid.

Conscience is only noble when sustained

By pure humanities and virtuous deeds,

The more the rank by which it is profaned,

The deeper on itself the vulture feeds;

For it is vulture-fang'd, or Halcyon-bright,

As each man by his kind shall do, or not do, right.

Heed not the formalists, the proud ones, heed,

The voice of nature, and the might of truth:

Since thou hast made a trusting bosom bleed,

Be thine, with constancy, its pangs to soothe.

Doth not that bosom's anguish form a spell,

Constraining thee to cherish and protect?

Would'st thou for pomp's ephemeral sake do well

That spell to break, that bosom to neglect?

Wed her! and love her, all the more for this,

She trusted thee, where trust like her's was fate!

Consuming torment, or enduring bliss,

As thou art treacherous to so fond a mate;

Or, prompt to quench the misery of her heart,

By holy happy rites which pledge ye ne'er to part.

Hood's Magazine for May.

Reviews.

Discoveries in Australia, with an account of the coasts and rivers explored and surveyed during the voyage of H.M.S. Beagle, from 1837 to 1844, by command of the Admiralty; also a narrative of Captain Owen Stanley's visits to the islands in the Arafura Sea. By Capt. J. Stokes, R.N.

[T. and W. Boone.]

It seems scarcely creditable, that in this stage of civilisation so large a portion of the globe as Australia should remain so unknown, so neglected. We possessed comparatively no information with regard to its vast line of coasts, or of its lands, navigable rivers, productions; and, what was of perhaps greater regret, we absolutely knew nothing of the aboriginal inhabitants. The last voyage of the Beagle has done much to raise the veil of ignorance from this "terra incognita." We will frankly confess that before reading Captain Stokes's work we felt little or no inte-

rest respecting that portion of the globe which he has so ably explained and described. Captain Stokes has done much to excite our curiosity, and implant a desire of knowing more of that beautiful and interesting country. But we are perhaps indulging too much in our own feelings, and forgetting that it would be as well to let our readers know something of the last voyage of the *Beagle*. The vessel sailed from England in 1837, and visited Teneriffe, San Salvador, the Brazils, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mauritius. It then sailed to Australia, and commenced its labours by surveying a vast extent of coasts, and also Bass's Strait, so accurately that it may, by the assistance of Captain Stokes' charts, be as easily navigated as any portion of our own coasts. But what have principally interested us are, the accounts of the natives, and the beautiful descriptions of the inland country and the rivers. Our author has had the good fortune to discover numerous navigable streams—namely, the Victoria, the Adelaide, the Albert, and Fitzroy; we really envied the feelings of our intrepid countryman, as he sailed up these magnificent waters, or wandered along their lovely banks, on spots where a European's foot had never trod. We feel confident, from the manner in which Captain Stokes treated the natives whom it was his good fortune to meet, that it would be a great matter of congratulation for the well-wishers of the aboriginal inhabitants were Captain Stokes made governor of Northern Australia. There is a kindly feeling for those poor savages, which we much admire; and Captain Stokes is well worthy to be accredited, as he had ample opportunities for studying their characters, and he has made good use of his time. It is quite a new era to behold officers of the navy uniting the energy of British sailors with the most polished diction. Style is not absolutely necessary in a book of travels, and therefore we were the more surprised and pleased to find in this work that delightful quality which is so unusual in the works of navigators, whose education seldom fits them for much excellence in composition. In this work, the style will be found strong and animated, frequently rising to be almost sublime. In conclusion, we can heartily and conscientiously recommend these interesting volumes to the notice of our readers, being fully convinced that all those who peruse Captain Stokes' work will feel as much delighted as we were. It is a book with which we can discover few faults, it is well arranged, and admirably executed. The plates are good, and bring before us scenes which we could scarcely have believed to have existed in that large continent. We should even be content to leave our own

country to travel in the little unknown and beautiful regions. Captain Stokes has well earned any tribute of thanks that the government may be disposed to bestow upon him. For our part, we would recommend that he should, for the present, be put in command of a party destined to explore the interior of the country, that is, commence at one point, and endeavour to force their way to another appointed, as far from Sidney to the Victoria River. Can we say more to recommend this work to our readers? We can only add, it is full of anecdotes of natives and Europeans, curious personal adventures, magnificent descriptions, and is pervaded with a feeling of the greatest delicacy, there being nothing related which could in any way be objected to. We beg to thank our enterprising countryman for the amusement and instruction he has afforded us, and we hope that before long, we shall see him engaged in some enterprise worthy of his great talents and consummate energy. Extracts will be occasionally found in our columns.

The Alps and the Rhine. By J. T. Headly. [Wiley and Putnam.]

The Alps and the Rhine! who has not read of these countries, and learned to feel interest in them? And yet all are prepared to read of them again, and find pleasure and delight in the subject, all the more perhaps in that it has been read of before. The present is one of Wiley and Putnam's "Library of American Books," and the writer intimates that he has not designed to make a book of travels, but give a series of sketches of the Alpine portion of Switzerland, and the scenery along the Rhine. He says that he has omitted almost altogether notices of the character of the people except those occupying the valleys of the Alps. Right well and excellently does the writer perform his task, and seldom has a more delightful and agreeable book fallen to our lot to criticise. Opening with the Pass of the Simplon, we have sketches of the Gorge of Gondo, of the Tete Noire, of the Castle of Chillon, and then of the mighty Alps, with their avalanches and glaciers, and their eternal snows. Of the Rhine we have delightful glimpses, and the following will give an idea of our author's style:—

"Having an unconquerable desire from boyhood to see the land of Tell and Winkelried, I had read everything I could lay hold of that would give me clear conceptions of the wonderful scenery it embraces, yet I found imagination had never approached the reality. Hoping to do what others had failed in accomplishing, I confess, was the motive in my attempting these sketches. It always seemed strange to me, that such marked, striking features in

natural scenery could fail of being caught and described. Such bold outlines, and such distinct figures, it seemed a mere pastime to reproduce before the eye. And even now, of all the distinct things memory recalls, none appear more clear and definite than the scenes of the Alps. But notwithstanding all this, I need not add that I am as much dissatisfied with my own efforts as with those of others. The truth is, the Alps are too striking and grand to be described. We get a definite idea of very few things in the world we have never seen, by mere naked details. This is especially true of those objects that excite emotion. It is by comparing them to more familiar and greater things, that we conceive them properly. Indeed, the imagination is generally so much weaker than the bodily eye, that exaggeration is required to bring up the perceptive faculties to the proper point. But the Alps have nothing beyond them—nothing greater with which to compare them. They alone can illustrate themselves. Comparisons diminish them, and figures of speech only confuse the mind. This I believe to be the reason why every one becomes dissatisfied with his own descriptions. To give lofty conceptions of mountain scenery before, he has been accustomed to call it *Alpine*. The Alps are called in to illustrate all other mountains and lofty peaks, and hence when he comes to describe the former, he is at loss for metaphors and comparisons. The words grand, awful, sublime, have been used to describe scenery so far inferior to that which now meets his eye, that he would reject them as weak and expressionless, were there any others he could employ. I have never felt the need of stronger Saxon more than when standing amid the chaos of the Alpine abyss, or looking off from the summit of an Alpine peak. Like the attempt to utter a man's deepest emotions, words for the time shock him. I am aware this may be attributed to a sensitive imagination. Some may boast that they have stood perfectly tranquil, and at their ease in every part of the Alps. I envy not such a man his self-possession, nor his tranquil nature. He who can wander through the Oberland without being profoundly moved, and feeling as Coleridge did when he lifted his hymn in the vale of Chamouni, need not fear that he will ever be greatly excited either by the grave or the beautiful."

The Enchanted Rock. A Comanche Legend. By Percy B. St. John.

[From the Friend of India.]

Mr. St. John—a successful and experienced contributor to many of our London periodicals—the author of this tale, founded

on an Indian legend, has had many ample opportunities to qualify himself efficiently for the task he has undertaken. Under many dangers and difficulties, he has travelled throughout the wilds of the sublime interior of the vast American continent, and, associating fully and freely with the members of the native tribes, gained that personal acquaintance with a primitive state of existence which in the present volume he so truly and vividly describes. The narrative it contains is full of interest, and written throughout with ease and much generous enthusiasm. His descriptions of scenery are picturesque and animated, preferable perhaps to his delineations of character, although the latter are in nowise deficient in force and truthfulness. We subjoin a splendid passage, evidencing tolerably fairly Mr. St. John's power in descriptive writing, and in conclusion honestly recommend the book to the best consideration of our readers:—

"At the mouth of a gorge in the hills, behind the Canon de Uvaldi, is a lake of small dimensions, to the borders of which we must now transport our fancy at eventide. Over its deeply-shadowed waters came gliding an Indian canoe, the occupants of which were silent as the grave, wrapped in their own thoughts, or awed by the grandeur of the scene around, which, despite that hail and rain descended in torrents, was to be defined by a keen and scrutinising eye. To the right and left of him who paddled the canoe were wild meadows, dotted with trees and groves of a myrtaceous shrub, that, as it waved in the damp breeze, diffused delicious fragrance around, mingled with the faint odour of the wild strawberry, that actually coloured by day the surface of the prairie. Down to the very water's edge came the trees, their boughs drooping and dipping into the lake, as they rose and fell with the motion of the wind. Here and there a brown-tailed deer was discovered quenching his thirst from some shady copse; there the loon screamed and dived beneath the tiny waves; while the owl and wolf made dismal chorus from the banks. All this was seen and heard while angry clouds rolled high in the heavens, while hail and rain fell fast, big drops pattering on the green leaves, and making wild music with the moaning of the wind. A remnant of daylight yet trembled in the heavens, and lay slumbering on the troubled surface of the lake; but presently, as the current became swift, whirling, and difficult to stem, it vanished, and left all in utter darkness, just as the sound of a cataract broke clearly on the ear. Still the canoe sprang, or skimmed rather, lightly over the rippling surface on the waters, and as the roar became louder, the cloud broke and revealed the fall above.

The sullen thunder of the falling stream; the hastening of the flood, the sharp ripping on the rocks, would, had it remained unseen, have revealed its presence, but now it stood naked to the view. The storm was for the moment over, the currents of air were dispersing the clouds, and the stars shone out on the gradually-clearing brow of night. The sweet savour of teeming groves was again wafted by the dying breeze to the weary senses of the wayfarers. The view on each side was now changed. Grim and rude rocks had assumed the place before occupied by trees and meadows, while several spring-fed rills fell jingling over the stones; cascades were heard singing from cliff to cliff; while the trout and salmon leaped wantonly near them in the flood. Mosses and stunted pines clothed here and there these nearly-barren shores; amongst which ran the trail of the Indian wanderer, near the torrent, along the rocky slope, ending amid large loose rocks, blanched by the flood of ages, at the foot of the great fall. The mighty crags rose frowning on each side of the gorge, confining the course of the stream which fed the lake—the same that ran so smoothly through the Canon de Uvaldi—into close and uneasy limits. Bound in a narrow channel, it rushed madly through the gap a short distance, then, meeting a firm and immovable rock, divided in twain, and fell headlong two hundred feet into the lake below. The right fall was slight, and was dispersed in spray, whichever side the wind chanced to blow; but on the left, a vast body of water came in a heavy mass, rushing to the plain, where it rose in clouds of vapour, after raising thunder on the broad surface of the rocks. Far around reached the waves and eddies caused by this mighty power; while trees, stones, and other matter, torn from the rocks above, continually added to the hideous clamour that reigned without ceasing near that spot. As the canoe came within two hundred yards of the fall, and glided towards the right bank, another change came over the scene. All nature, save the never-dying waterfall, was silent, the brown clouds had vanished from around the hill-tops, the stars were twinkling brightly in the sky, when a faint silvery streak was seen gilding the edges of the mountain, the sky grew grey, the lesser spheres paled and disappeared, or grew dim. The depths of the blue sky, near the edge of the lofty cliffs, glowed in one rich flush of mellow light, rising from the unseen moon, which presently dipped upwards, and disclosed its full glory and power. The summits of the hill tops no longer shone alone, all nature was flooded with a semi-noontide glory, the leaves shook beneath the beams, while on the waters

the moon's rays fell, the waves dancing beneath the bewitching influence of blue light and darksome shade. It was a glorious rising, and one which, to any spirit alive to God and his power, must have been pregnant with mighty thought.'

The Gatherer.

Public Opinion and Popular Clamour.—Popular clamour and public opinion are often confounded with, and mistaken for, each other, yet they essentially differ, and emanate from totally opposite causes. Public opinion is powerful in a community where the requisites for its formation are spread among the people; that is, where moral principle, information, wealth, and facility of communication exist, and where the middle class is extensive. On the contrary, popular clamour is influential in proportion as the lower class is numerous, ignorant, poor, and fanatical. Popular clamour is an excitement created by, and exercising influence on, the passions of the multitude, who usually form rash resolves and act without reflection, judgment, or regard for consequences. In proportion as reason exercises its influence on a people sudden bursts of feeling will be less common, but public opinion will be more powerful. Popular clamour has probably less influence in this country than in any other, owing to the strength of public opinion.—*Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.*

Charles James Fox.—Never was there such an union of massive intellect and fascinating character as was witnessed in Charles James Fox. In public, he captivated attention by the splendour of his abilities and the ascendancy of his energetic will; in private, he artlessly ingratiated himself by the charm of his manners. With a colossal understanding, he had no arrogance of intellect; the most formidable of debaters, he was free from all dogmatism and petulance, and the world admired the rare union of the most commanding power joined to the most delightful sweetness of disposition. He was gifted by nature with a robust body, and remarkable buoyancy of spirits, which he sustained by society and convivial pleasure. Sanguine—enthusiastic—with more sensibility than imagination, he was fond of constant excitement, the vehemence of his nature recoiling from what he deemed the sluggish monotony of every day existence. Thus politics—even, of the highest kind—being insufficient to stimulate him, he plunged with ardour into all the vices of a fashionable libertine. And while his eloquence and knowledge were eagerly extolled by politicians—his voluptuous excesses—his reckless hazards at the gaming table, were the themes of a

thousand tongues. Play had become an indomitable passion with him. "By the bye," says Gibbon, in one of his letters, when alluding to the young orator's exertions for enlarging the toleration act, "Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy war by passing twenty-two hours in the pious exercise of hazard. His devotion cost him only about £500 per hour." In 1773 his father relieved him from debts to the amount of £140,000. He was soon again involved as deeply, and his dissipation was as noted in Paris as in London.

—*The Age of Pitt and Fox.*

The New Zealanders.—The colour of the New Zealanders is a light clear brown, varying very much in shade; sometimes it is even lighter than that of a native of the south of France. The nose is straight and well-shaped, often aquiline, the mouth generally large, and the lips in many cases more developed than those of Europeans, the eyes are dark and full of vivacity and expression; the hair is generally black and lank, or slightly curled; the teeth are white, even, and regular, and last to old age; the feet and hands are well proportioned; the former, being uncovered, are in a healthy development, and the native laughs at our mis-shaped feet. As the New Zealanders often use the second and great toes in weaving and plaiting the ropes of the phormium, the toes are less confined than with us, and they have more command over the muscles. Their features are prominent but regular; the expression of the face quiet and composed, showing great self-command, and this is heightened by the tattooing, which prevents the face from assuming the furrows of passion or the wrinkles of age; their physiognomy bears no signs of ferocity, but is easy, open, and pleasing. Some of the natives have hair of a reddish or auburn colour, and a very light-coloured skin.—*Dieffenbach's Travels in New Zealand.*

Singular Custom.—In Guernsey, the 'lit de veille' is more universally seen than in Jersey. This 'lit de veille' is a broad bed frame, occupying one corner of the common room, raised about a foot and half above the ground, and covered with dry fern, or hay, or pea-haulm. On these 'lit de veille,' the young people in the house where it is, and of the neighbouring houses, to the number of a dozen perhaps, or even considerably more, and of both sexes, assemble during the long winter evenings; sitting in a circle feet to feet. There the girls knit and sow, or the young men talk or sing. One large lamp is suspended overhead; and some say, arguing, perhaps, from the parsimonious character of the natives—that the custom originated in the advantage of saving fire and candle, since one light suffices for the inhabitants of

many houses; and since no fire is needed where a score of persons are packed so close together. One would imagine, that such a custom as this would be productive of idle habits and possibly even of worse; but judging both by the industrious habits of the population and by their general pure morality, I should infer that no such effects are produced. This custom, however, like many others, is on the wane in both islands. In Jersey, I have seen the walls against which the 'lit de veille' is placed, and the roof above, festooned with flowers and shrubs, laurel, myrtle, rose, and sun-flower; so that the scene is sometimes equally pretty as it is curious.—*Ingis' Channel Islands.*

How to Increase the Grip of Railway Wheels in Wet Weather.—A correspondent of the *Mechanics Magazine*, calls the attention of railway directors to a simple contrivance for preventing a class of accidents which frequently occur, owing to the detention of trains in wet weather, caused by the slippery state of the rails. The plan is simply this: let there be a square hollow tube, made of iron, four inches by two, about a foot and a half high, placed perpendicularly over the driving wheels, which could be attached to the guard over the wheels, the tubes to have a moveable cover on the top, and open at the bottom shaped out to the circle of the wheels, but not to touch them. Put into these tubes blocks of chalk, shaped to the tubes, to fit quite easy, to allow the chalk to rest on the wheels by its own weight; but if this were found not sufficient, a weight could be placed on the top of the chalk, to press it down more. By this means, the wheels would be kept constantly chalked, which would cause them to bite the rails quite as firmly as in dry weather; thus preventing any decrease of speed, to the danger of the passengers, &c. The engineers could at all times have a supply of these blocks of chalk, to use when required, which might also be found very useful in ascending inclined planes even in dry weather.

Francis I was one day playing at tennis, when a monk, by a successful stroke, insured the victory for the king's side of the game. "Well done," said the king, "a brave stroke for a monk!" "Sire," replied the monk, "your majesty can make it the blow of an abbe when you please." Some days afterwards the abbacy of Bourmagen became vacant, and the king presented the witty monk with the cure.

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